

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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SOCIALISTIC NOTICES.

Respectable Advertisements of Communities, Coöperative Societies, and new Socialist ventures of any kind, will be inserted, with the distinct understanding that the publishers do not thereby assume any responsibility as indorsing the character, moral or financial, of such organizations. The rate for these special notices is one cent for each word, each insertion, cash in advance.

WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it 'first best' of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

The *Labor-Balance* (Jesse H. Jones Editor) will be published for the ensuing year as a department of the *Labor Standard* of Fall River, Mass.

The magazines are reproducing the article of George Jacob Holyoake on "The New Principle of Industry" which first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Holyoake is an authority on the subject of Coöperation.

The Anti-Socialist Bill is slowly forcing its way through the German Parliament; but the opposition to its passage is surprisingly strong. All amendments prolonging the period of its operation beyond March 31, 1881, have been voted down.

The factory operatives and capitalists of Fall River, Mass., are having a struggle over the hours of labor—the latter demanding eleven hours' labor for a day, the former refusing to work more than ten. It is passing strange that such a struggle should have to be fought out in 1878 and in these United States.

The New York *Times* has discovered that the Shakers have "materially increased since 1870, and number now nearly 12,000!" This will be gratifying intelligence to our Shaker friends. But increasing their number by the Dutchman's "five per cent." is not to be compared with the favors done by the same veracious journal to other Communistic bodies.

George J. Holyoake says John Stuart Mills gave the most comprehensive statement of Coöperation in these words: "It is not Coöperation where a few persons join for a profit by which only a portion of them benefit. Coöperation is where the whole of the produce is divided. What is wanted is that the whole of the working class should partake of the profits of labor."

The *Iron Molder's Journal*, in discussing the principles of competition and combination, says: "Competition does not cause an extra day's work to be performed, and its only result is less food, less clothes, and poorer accommodations to those who insanely seek work at any price; when by proper combination the same amount of work would be done at a price that would leave the necessities of life, at least, to the worker."

THE MODEL.

[From "The Kingdom of Heaven," by Jesse H. Jones.]

When we look for our vital idea and our model form, we wish to go to the best the world has seen, and not the poorest. And the best is unquestionably the Pentecostal Church. The moral tone of the Jewish nation was probably superior to that of any other nation on the globe. By fifteen hundred years of experience it had been trained for the coming of the Messiah; and however erroneous its judgment concerning the style of his appearing, there can be no doubt but this expectation had a powerful effect to elevate the whole national life. The followers of Jesus all received Him as the Messiah. The hundred and twenty had been instructed by Him personally, throughout a large portion of his career as a teacher, and they had seen Him and heard his admonitions after his resurrection. They had a fullness of knowledge of the details of his life and of his sayings and ideas, which no other man can ever possess; and they were penetrated and dyed throughout with his spirit and character. Christ was formed in them. All this long, thorough preparation was crowned and completed by the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Then in one day a great multitude from all parts of the earth were converted. We all know that as a rule only the more devout and spiritual persons in a nation would travel scores and hundreds of miles to attend a religious festival. A vast number of such persons had come up from every nation under heaven to attend this festival. God in a miraculous manner, never since paralleled, poured out his Spirit upon them; and on that one wonderful day three thousand of the most reverential and devout, from among the most religious people on the globe, were converted. Then the whole body of Christians organized a Christian Community. The leaders were those whose hearts and minds were filled to a great overflowing with the ideas and spirit of Jesus. The multitude experienced the highest enthusiasm of devotion to their newly found Messiah. There, in the noon-

day blaze, in the calcium and magnesium flame of that hour, in which were concentrated fifteen hundred years of special religious instructions, and the whole of Christ's teachings and life, together with the descent, and at the very time consciously felt and guiding presence of the Holy Spirit, this great multitude with unanimous action organized a pure Communism.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XLIV.

As already stated, in the organization of the Society at Ralahine the admission of the members was by ballot, which I had urged the proprietor to adopt, so that the opinions of the members might operate on candidates for admission. The President was to exercise his veto on every application. He did not wish to have that privilege, but owing to the lawless state of the county at the time, it was a judicious arrangement. The ballot worked satisfactorily. According to the fifth law of the Association, no member could be introduced without a written recommendation from the President, and he was then to undergo a probation of one week, so that the members might be able to decide as to whether or not the applicant was eligible as an associate, before being subjected to the ordeal of the ballot. The candidates had to apply to me for an introduction to the President, and I had to give advice which prevented the admission of some whose antecedents, when I became acquainted with them, showed that organization and character have a closer relation than the public are yet prepared to admit.

Experience led me to the conclusion that one week was too brief a time to judge of the conditions essential to lasting and satisfactory results. A longer period of novitiate or trial is desirable for the sake of the candidates themselves. Two instances illustrate this view, and they are interesting from the fact that, although neither of them was qualified for the hard and stern duties which the members had to go through to discharge the heavy rent and interest of the capital advanced, yet the fact of their departure was for a time received as an argument against the Community, until it was made evident that they left of their own free will.

The first case of a member preparing to leave was James M'Guire, who was previously a servant in the family of Mr. Vandeleur. Expressing a wish to become a member, and to assist as a storekeeper, he was elected and appointed to that office; but it was soon evident that his assistance was not required at the store, and as he had not been trained to agricultural labor he voluntarily desired to leave and seek a situation suited to his experience and habits.

The other instance of voluntary secession from the Community was a still more interesting case. Joseph Cox was the son of a respectable family in London; he had received a good education and had been placed in a lawyer's office. He had, however, been powerfully impressed by the teachings of Robert Owen and others in their expositions as to the superiority of Socialism and Community over the selfishness and vice of competition and individualism. The eloquent advocates spoke of course of conditions that must be the results of harmonious and long-continued efforts under circumstances in agreement with the object in view. Thus converted to Socialism, he was desirous of helping to realize his aspirations. He had heard of the fame of our success in despite of the disturbed lawlessness of the county. A paragraph recording our success that had by some means got into the London *Times* caught his attention, and in a spirit of enthusiasm he resolved to pay us a visit, and if possible join the Society. With this view he walked from London to Liverpool, a distance of more than two hundred miles. He crossed the channel to Dublin, and walked another hundred miles to Ralahine. He made an earnest appeal to the President to be admitted as a member; Mr. Vandeleur with greater kindness than prudence urged his admission.

Our experiment had then been in operation only a

few weeks. Great exertions had to be made to get in the seed necessary to insure the harvest requisite for the payment of the rent and interest of the capital advanced by the proprietor. These conditions made it necessary to devote great attention to agricultural work. This must be the case in all early efforts in the formation of a Community. Where there is an abundance of capital there the task will be very much easier. It was the object of Robert Owen in his early efforts to induce the Government to provide the funds necessary for the buildings, stock and machinery. It would be better for social progress if the people would economize their resources arising from the profits of trade, and by uniting their savings build enlarged homes and suitable manufacturing in healthy localities. The people would then soon find themselves in prosperous conditions, and would be better able to govern themselves to their own satisfaction, than if government put a captain or director over them, ending in a political partisanship and excitement.

Owing to the circumstances under which we began our operations, the majority of the members were illiterate agricultural laborers, who knew nothing about the theories of Socialists and Communists, as these terms were not used in dealing with the people; but all our arrangements were practically made in harmony with the greatest economy, comfort and social happiness of the members, who soon began to enjoy and appreciate the "New System," as our arrangements were designated.

But though our members felt the great advantages arising out of our combined exertions and social arrangements, they were not equal to Cox in education and intelligence; nor was he equal to them in practical experience and industrial skill. True Socialism requires equality of conditions and reciprocity of sentiment. Physically the young man became greatly improved—coming among us a slender youth about seventeen years of age, with delicate frame and fingers and not in vigorous health, a few months' training in the field and the farm-yard had broadened his shoulders and made him comparatively robust—but socially and morally he felt the lack of sympathy arising from the disparity in intelligence and manners between himself and those around him. The fact that the native Irish language was the principal means of conversational intercourse among the members was another source of inconvenience to him.

On the other hand, he was equally unsuited to the condition of the people. His superior education raised him beyond the sphere of their usual train of thought; and he soon seemed to lose all hope of finding congeniality among the laborers around him. The enthusiasm with which he had been fired, and which prompted him to leave home in opposition to his friends in London, had been sorely tried by the hard, practical experience of life at Ralahine, and he left after a few months' sojourn among us. His experience shows clearly that enthusiasm without fortitude, faith and a spirit of endurance, is not sufficient in the early stages of a Community.

Joseph Cox, had, when in London, enjoyed all the facilities which his education and circumstances gave him to frequent concerts, theatres and other sources of recreation and mental enjoyment. At the Social Institutions he had heard Communism painted in rosy tints, affording all the advantages of which it is capable when its foundations are firmly and practically laid and success secured. His attention had been arrested, and his enthusiasm had been fired by the sight of a very beautiful landscape, in the foreground of which were seen gay flowers and brilliant objects, but he had not observed the hard outlines and dark shadows in the background. Delighted with the music and the merry groups dancing in glowing colors in the bright sunlight, he failed to see the rocky boundaries of the scene in the distance.

At Ralahine we had to break new ground which had never been cultivated. Masses of rock had to be quarried before the spade could work freely. Men who had never been subject to discipline had to be trained to methodical work. Houses had to be erected to give shelter to members who had been allotted to occupy them and were anxious to dwell in them. These pressing requirements and consequent duties prevented due attention to the conditions favorable to intellectual enjoyment and refined culture. These desired results come with successful efforts. They are capitals to the columns of the social temple where the foundations are firmly laid.

When Cox arrived at Ralahine his slim figure and pale face made him seem like a hot-house plant forced

into an uncongenial atmosphere. His slender form made his muscles seem like skeins of thread, which indicated their strength when extended, but betrayed their weakness when contracted. His biceps did not bulge into powerful knots like those of the members accustomed to labor and trenching by spade the new land studded with limestone rock cropping out at intervals on the surface. The peasants knew nothing about the beauties of literature, the fascinations of the drama, or the mysteries of the quadrille, but they could trench the field, raise the rock and dance the Irish jig with hilarious enjoyment. Had the young scrivener joined the Community at a later period he would have found the Society better prepared for his peculiar condition. He gained in strength, form and practical experience, but his enthusiasm had been rudely shaken; his young dreams were not realized, and yet it was not the fault of the Community that he was disappointed. His ardor had induced him to neglect the counsels of his family and his friends. The stern and arduous work which we had to go through at the commencement was too heavy and too exhaustive for the strength of his will and powers of resistance.

Persons in his condition of body and mind should not seek to join incipient Communities, but wait till the foundations are securely laid, when work, leisure, study and relaxation will be in harmony with the prosperity and happiness of all.

The friends of Cox supplied him with means for going to America, and I subsequently heard of his being employed by a respectable merchant at St. Johns, at a salary of £100 a year. He had pleasurable recollections of his residence at Ralahine, as it had had a beneficial influence in the formation of his character in giving him practical experience and more rational views as to the means necessary for advancing the Science of Social Life.

"HOME LIFE OF BROOK FARM."

II.

[Extracts from a serial in the Atlantic Monthly.]

THE AERIE.

The Aerie was the first house built on the place after it became the property of the Association. It was placed on a large rock, which formed the cellar and on two sides the foundation walls of the structure. That cellar was an odd-looking place and did justice to the inventive power of the builders of the house. It did not exactly illustrate the text about the durability of such a foundation, for when left to take care of itself the winds and the storms soon demolished the entire building, and it now lies in ruins, if there is a vestige left of it.

MR. AND MRS. RIPLEY.

Mr. Ripley occupied himself with some of the farming operations, but there was other work for him to achieve, in exchange for which manual labor must have seemed a recreation. It is needless to say that as the founder of the Association he felt himself, if not wholly, yet greatly responsible for its success, and the wear on his mental powers must have been great in his earnest endeavors to secure it. I do not think I realized at the time how arduous his task was; his pleasant wit and jocose manner deceived us as to the weary labor which worked his mind to the extent of its powers. He never failed to greet us with a joke, and his face bore no evidence of the anxiety which almost crushed him. His self-control was wonderful, and through it we were enabled to assist, to our utmost, the efforts which he made to insure our success. We did this without really knowing the danger we were in, and hope lightened our labors and enabled us to be of more use than if we had shared in his sometimes hopeless view of our situation. That this dark feeling was continuous with him could not be; some bright beams will lighten the darkest days and give energy to pursue a nobler course than that prompted by despair. It seems almost superfluous for me to dwell for a moment on the mental culture of Mr. Ripley, yet many of the present generation may not be aware of his surpassing scholarship. His classical education was thorough, and as a theologian few surpassed him. The German language, which was not then as generally studied as at present, was well understood by him, and his knowledge of it comprised also the peculiar philosophy of that nation of deep thinkers, and was no doubt one of the agents in his philanthropic attempt at Brook Farm.

Of Mrs. Ripley I speak with a tenderness and affection which many long years have never chilled. I had known her before we met at Brook Farm, though not intimately. It was there that a friendship was formed between us which, on my part at least, existed as warmly as at first until her death. It is impossible to give an idea of the life she infused into all around her. To talk with her gave us strength for any effort, for "impossible" seemed a word unknown to her. She never shrank from any task she thought right for her to undertake. But there was one self-imposed task which none but a truly Christian woman would have undertaken; which almost all would have recoiled from, and few but those inured to such duty would have voluntarily performed.

RETRENCHMENT.

The winter passed quickly away; but when the spring opened and farming operations commenced, I observed a shade of anxiety on the brows of those to whom we looked for the knowledge we received of our material

success. It was evident that all was not smooth and prosperous, and that our income did not meet our expenses. A more economical system as regarded our table was then suggested, although how we could live upon less was a close question. As is usual on such occasions, butter was first attacked, and the quantity heretofore allowed was much reduced. I cannot enter into all the details of our cutting-down operations, but I know coffee was among the victims, or rather we coffee drinkers were. Still all this retrenchment did not relieve us. A few new pupils were added to our educational department, but not enough to give much assistance.

NEW PLANS AND NEW MEMBERS.

If we were to keep together, we must live, and how to do so became a very serious question. Many plans were thought of, but were not found to be practical. At last it was decided to increase the Association by admitting members who should bring an industry with them. It was also agreed that workshops should be erected, and mechanics who had applied for admission, but for whom at the time there had been no place, should be recalled and should thus try to do for us what farming alone had not effected. I have not ventured to speak of the capabilities of the place with respect to cultivation, for being a woman I am not supposed to know much about its working details; but having lived for the greater part of my life in the country I think I know somewhat of the quality of land when I see it, and I do not think much of that possessed by Brook Farm was suited to arable purposes. It is not for me to criticise the knowledge of those so infinitely my superiors, but I cannot say that gravel and sand, interspersed with picturesque rocks, produce very rich grass.

There was much natural beauty surrounding the place. The pine woods adjoining, though not belonging to it, were an endless source of enjoyment to its inmates, and became almost a place of worship to them. I remember we several times held divine service in one of its open glades. Our officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. H. Channing, then for a time making his home with us.

At last our experiment commenced, and we were to decide upon the efficiency of our mechanical labor. I was not one of the financial committee, and cannot give the details of its working, and must wait until I have arrived at the proper epoch to state its results. Our new inmates were quite a respectable class of persons, and generally inclined to fulfill their duties; though I suspect you might have picked out one or two who thought they would lead an easier life with us than battling with the world. Among those who joined us at this time was a florist, a Dane by birth, and one who understood his business well. How really lucrative he made it for us I never knew, but he certainly added much to the beauty of the place. Greenhouses were erected for him, and everything which could insure success within reasonable bounds was placed at his command.

VISITORS, ETC.

As the pleasant weather came on, our visitors increased, some drawn towards us merely from curiosity, but, I am happy to say, many more from friendly feelings cherished for us. It was at the time when the Hutchinson family were at the height of their popularity. As they had shown some interest in our undertaking we invited them to visit us, which invitation they accepted, and passed a night with us. One great charm of their singing was the perfect accord of their voices. There was but little of the art of high training, but I think in listening to them you never felt its want.

During the summer months we received as an inmate a songstress of far different type,—Frances or Eliza Ostinelli, perhaps better known to the public as Signora Biscaccianti. She was then quite young, not more than seventeen, or even younger. She was given in charge to us by her father; and it was thought best by those in authority to place her under the immediate care of one of our staid members. She was very pretty, and her musical talent made her doubly fascinating, so that I am afraid some of our pupils were not as attentive to their studies as it was proper for them to be. It was rather an arduous task for her chaperon, and she sometimes had to call assistance in sending to their homes these young admirers at the stipulated hour. It was a rule that all should be in their several houses by ten o'clock. Biscaccianti's music was a great delight to us, although her voice at that time had been little cultivated. It had great power and sweetness combined, and it must have possessed some peculiar quality, for our friends on Spring Street told us they could distinctly hear her when singing in the open air in the evening, though the distance was at least three-quarters of a mile in a straight line. I have since thought this could not have been very beneficial to her voice, but it was very pleasant to us. I think probably the happiest part of her life was whilst with us at Brook Farm, and perhaps it would have been better for her if she had remained longer with us. She was at Brook Farm but a few months, and then went with her father to Europe to complete her musical education. During her stay with us we had a small fancy party in the woods, principally for her gratification. The costumes were confined almost wholly to the younger residents, although the elders lent their countenance to it by their presence. It was a merry scene and ended with sunset. One group represented gypsies, and their encampment was really picturesque; there seemed almost a reality in it, and we could not refrain from holding out our hands to have our fortunes told. It was a bright afternoon, not too warm, and all the children on the place contributed to its gayety.

MARGARET FULLER.

Among the many visitors of this summer was Margaret Fuller, and as may be supposed, much interest was ex-

cited by her visit. She was looked upon by her admirers as the most wonderful woman of the age, and, in many respects, she was so. So many men of acknowledged intellectual power did homage to her mind that every one must grant to her uncommon talent. I never so fully appreciated her as many of my friends did, and when listening to her wonderful conversations—which, by the way, were limited to one person, herself—and straining my mind to comprehend her meaning, I must own I have sometimes wished her English was rather plainer. Her sad fate has shrouded her in a romance which perhaps will be remembered longer than the impress of her mind will be felt, for she has left no writings of sufficient weight to insure her the fame she hoped to attain. In connection with her I must here mention a young member of the Association. His reverence for her was heartfelt, and he dwelt upon every word from her lips as something sacred. If you had asked him of her personal appearance I am sure his description of her would never have brought her before you as she was. The ideal which was impressed on his mind was all beauty, and he would hardly have understood you if you had dared to assert the contrary. When she left this country for Europe, had it been possible, he would have accompanied her, but his extreme youth made his friends oppose, for the time, such a project. He often talked to me of his great desire to see Europe, and what most fascinated his imagination was the wonderful cathedrals he had read of. After a few years his desire was gratified; he joined Miss Fuller, then the Marchesa d'Ossoli, in Italy. He returned with her in the fated vessel, and ended his life with hers.

HOW TO "POOL YOUR ISSUES."

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

To the Editor of the Record:

I have just returned from a trip to a coöperative colony located at Gunston, Fairfax county, Va. The colony is in possession of 750 acres of land, 450, I think, by purchase; the balance rented, with the privilege of purchase. The chief building on the premises is Gunston Hall, a very old mansion house, built by George Mason one hundred and fifty years ago. The bricks were imported from the mother country. The same Mason drew up the Virginia Bill of Rights, which was presented by General Washington, whose neighbor he was, Gunston being only six miles below Mount Vernon. A short distance from the mansion, amidst a well-preserved grove of pines, can be seen the family graves. On one tombstone is inscribed, "Ann Mason, Died March 9, 1773." On another, "George Mason, 1796." When I arrived there I found the colonists all cheerfully at work, some making a compost; others were feeding stock. They now have 5 horses, 5 cows, 15 hogs, 40 sheep, several hundred chickens, and 6 hives of bees. One of the young men brought out his gun and shot about sixteen pigeons, of which the ladies made a splendid pigeon pie. Two of the men were building a very substantial addition to the hog-pen; others were looking after various parts of the farm—turnip fields, potato fields, mowing, hoeing, etc. I was glad to see one man was detailed to do the heavy work for the kitchen, saw and split wood and draw water; the latter was drawn from a deep well by "an old oaken bucket." There was an old-fashioned porch, with brown-stone steps each side of the mansion, a wide hall or entry running right through from porch to porch. In this room was the manager's desk, a very large reading table, some book shelves containing about 100 volumes, and the walls were enriched by about half a dozen good maps. In the parlor (which was very large) a cheerful log fire was blazing in a capacious open fire-place, old-style fire-dogs supported the logs. The mantel-piece was black marble. A handsome Brussels carpet covered the floor. A large piano in rosewood frame occupied one side of the room. It also contained a set of upholstered furniture and large marble stand. On the walls were two splendid engravings, one of Washington Irving and his literary friends and the other one President Lincoln and his Cabinet. There were also several other pictures, chromos and photographs. A small cabinet of geological and other curiosities filled one corner of the room, and a collection of books the opposite corner. The dining-room had three large tables running right across the room. The tables were covered with white cloth and well supplied with the necessary dishes and cutlery. The tables were well spread, which the colony can well afford to do, as they produce nearly everything they eat, and 'tis all fresh and unadulterated. Whilst there I did not see any man chew, smoke nor drink beer or spirits. I saw no evidence of the use of tobacco, nor did I hear any vulgar or improper language. Workingmen, here is a chance for you to follow suit and pool your issues. If you have too many of one trade, so that the labor market is overstocked, help some of your surplus members to homes like the above. Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Red Men could have a few acres of land, with large boarding-houses similar to the above, where

they could send convalescent members or board their members who want to spend their vacation in the country. Coöperative societies would have a double advantage; what they raised above what the boarders or visitors could consume could be sent direct to the stores in the city, saving storekeepers' time and the profits of commission agents.

Dear RECORD, I hope you will find a corner for this communication. I am a plain workingman, working sixteen hours per day, and painfully aware of my educational defects, and have only ventured into your columns in the hope that my letter may reach a few inquiring minds who will associate themselves with similar societies as the above.

October 1, 1878.

E. W.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

How often do we hear it said that the French have no word answering to our English word *home*; and how often it is assumed, for this or other equally slight reasons, that they have little conception of the delights and comforts which should belong to the family hearthstone. Nothing could be further from the reality, if we are to credit a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Indeed, he tells us that though it is possible our highest ideal of home is only realized among the so-called northern nations, the Frenchman's idea of home is better realized in his own country, and that that idea is in many respects superior to our own. He even affirms that "the idiosyncrasies of the French home—of the true typical French home—are, taken as a whole, the most admirable in Europe. Of course, there are weak points in them. Of course, there are in France, as elsewhere, a mass of stupid, gloomy firesides, of all ranks, of all shades, and of all degrees, which are animated by no life, which present no interest or action, which offer neither character nor charm. But those are not the representative homes of France; those are not illustrative examples of the idea of home as nationally realized in the land; those are the exceptions, not the rule. The national type of home, the national sentiment of home, the national use of home, are other. Nationally, amongst the French, home is a general meeting-spot for cheeriness and affection. How, indeed, could it be anything else with the character of the race? Home in France is made what it is by the temperament of the people, and by their special disposition to use and enjoy in common all the elements of satisfaction which they can accumulate by joint subscription. In England, the sharp severance into classes destroys the possibility of collective social action. In Germany the same difficulty exists, though in another form; and furthermore, women and men live virtually apart from each other there; each sex composes associations for itself in itself, and society, in its true sense, is a privilege of a limited upper category, and is nationally unknown. But in France there seems to be a vast unconscious partnership throughout the land for the rendering of life pleasant—a federation which includes all persons—an alliance which unites all interests—a coalition which amalgamates all opinions—a league which utilizes all agencies, which profits by all accidents, which works in-doors and out-of-doors, which uses the homes as it uses the streets. Society, as it is conceived and realized in France, admits no obstacles to the demands of its all-comprehending activity; it accepts no refusals; it stands forward in its force as a recognized public necessity, as a valued public right; it knocks imperiously at all doors; it calls on the entire people to come out and participate in the common work; it insists that each and all shall aid in the universal labor, and shall contribute to the general end. And it does all this without the faintest notion that it is doing it. Under such conditions society in France most naturally denies to home the character of a special refuge or a favorite hiding-place; it contemptuously refuses to see in it a citadel for defense or a prison for inclosure; it indignantly despises it as a traitor to the common cause, if it persists in keeping its shutters closed. In the eyes of society home is but one of its workshops—a factory in which the tools are family affections and fireside ties, in which the materials fashioned are manners, thought, and language, and of which the special function is to produce implements adapted to social needs."

Sociableness, our writer tells us, is probably the most striking of the various characteristics of the French home; but there are others: "the eager action of the women; the intensity of family union; the love and the constant pursuit of sensations and emotions. Created and supported by causes so prolific as these, home exercises an enormous power in France: no other place competes with it; all classes recognize its influence;

neither the wine-shop nor the club attracts the Frenchman away from it; he goes to it with a convinced contentment which is one of the marks of its value. But he does not enter it to shut himself up in it with his wife and children; he regards it, just as society does, not as a personal, exclusive property of his own, in which no one else has a right to share, but as a part of a collective whole, and he, consequently, is unable to conceive that he would properly use it if he barred it up and wrote 'No Admission for Strangers' on the gate."

Amusement, too, plays a larger part in French than in English and American homes. "In France amusement is a universal birthright. In France it is not a process, it is a state; it is not an active operation, it is an instinctive sentiment; it is not the result of any cause whatever, it is a true example of spontaneous generation. The French need amusement, so they have it; it springs up everywhere around them; everything is a possible occasion for it; its sources abide in the nature of the race, its elements are in the people themselves; it is an internal capacity, not an external creation. And in this capacity lies the main explanation of the general brightness of their homes: it is this which enables the women to provide the abundant decoration of gayety that ornaments the life of France; it aids to throw over the land the delightful aspect of social oneness which, in spite of class divisions, of political hates, of poverty and wealth, and of all the differences of characters and tendencies, is still so striking and so evident to the foreigner on. The common necessity and the common capacity of amusement, and the universal disposition to extract amusement from the simplest and the most easily utilizable causes, create a bond which holds the entire race together."

Family union also "constitutes one of the great levers of the life of the people. It is a union which includes all sorts of connections within its elastic grasp; which shuts out neither aunts nor brothers-in-law; which neglects neither collaterals, nor agnates, nor cognates; which puts forward attachment between persons of the same kin as a natural pleasure as well as a natural duty; and which—more wonderful than all—does not repudiate even poor relations. Its effect on homes is both to hold them together and to open them out; to extend the circle of their composition, and simultaneously, to deepen the earnestness of their action. And, naturally, it adds largely to the national physiognomy of those homes by bestowing on them an amplitude of composition and a variety of ingredients which are but rarely found outside France, and by creating in them, consequently, a particular effect of largeness and comprehensiveness. This does not mean, of course, that one single roof habitually covers all the members of a family (though there are innumerable examples of accumulations of three generations in the same house), but that the separate homes of each of those members are regarded by them as a sort of joint possession in which the home sentiment is instinctively felt by each of them toward the others. And it is not pretended that the conditions which have just been indicated are universal, but only that they are general, and that they apply to the majority of cases. There are in France, as elsewhere, sons who quarrel with their fathers, brothers who hate their sisters, and husbands who abhor their wives; but still, the aspect of French hearths, as a whole, is one of striking unity and of wide-spreading, much-embracing sympathy."

Finally, there is mentioned as an important factor of the French home, the love of sensation and novelty which is peculiarly strong in the French people. "Its introduction into homes, its maintenance there as a useful and even a necessary aid of daily life, its employment as a dispeller of monotony and as a creator of constant novelties of impression, are so absolutely peculiar to France, that of all the elements which enter into the composition of the idea of home there, this one is, perhaps, the most exclusively national. Elsewhere emotions are usually regarded as somewhat out of place in homes; tranquillity of perception, and a certain unchangeableness of thought, are supposed, in other countries, to be inherent to home life. But in France the contrary system is applied. In France the danger of stupidity is so keenly felt, the destructive nature of its action on social intercourse is so distinctly recognized, that constant battle is kept up against every manifestation of its presence. The horror of dullness, of inertness, of impassibility, of silence, is so intense, that, by mere reaction from it, the admiration of susceptibility, of vivacity, of excitability, which is inborn in the race, is rendered stronger and deeper still."

Our writer then points out some of the defects of the French home, such as excess of excitement, the want of

seclusion, lack of individuality, etc. But these defects, whatever they are, should not blind us to the great excellences enumerated. And in this connection it occurs to us to say that the subject of home and home attractions is one that may well engage the attention of Socialists of every description and especially of those connected with existing Communities. With exceedingly favorable conditions for making attractive these enlarged homes, it must be confessed that many of them are dull and monotonous. Some of them are founded on stern principles of asceticism that would exclude what is beautiful and pleasurable to the senses. Others are perhaps so grimly bent on solving questions pertaining to self-support and perpetuity that they have neither time nor inclination for what seems to them matters of comparative unimportance. But assuredly the perfection of the enlarged home will not be attained until in it all classes find their greatest attraction and happiness—until it becomes, besides a place of earnest self-improvement, the abode of mirth and joy and gladness and beauty. A perfect home, we imagine, will in its daily life be joyous enough to satisfy the Frenchman, and serious enough to suit the most earnest descendant of the Puritans.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.

THE fourth list of members of the "Socialistic Union" has now been printed and mailed, the total number of names being one hundred and six. This will be the final list for the present. By and by, if there is a lively demand for it, we can issue another series.

OUR OFFER FOR 1879.

The publishers of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST desire to largely increase its subscription-list for the coming year, and would like the assistance of every one of its present readers. To this end we make the following liberal offer, by which those who undertake to help us will not only get paid for the time they spend in working for us, but may really make some money if they go to work energetically:

To every present subscriber to the AMERICAN SOCIALIST who gets us a new subscriber for the year 1879, and collects Two DOLLARS therefor, we will allow a cash commission of ONE-HALF. Send us one dollar in a P. O. Money-Order or registered letter, with the name and address of the new subscriber, and keep the other dollar for your trouble. Do this at least once, and repeat it as often as you can.

As an extra inducement you may offer the paper FREE to the new subscribers from the time of their subscribing until January 1st, 1879.

Will not every one of our present subscribers undertake to get us at least one new subscriber on these easy terms before next January? That will give us a good send-off for the new year. One hearty effort on your part will accomplish what we ask. Who will send in the first order? You have two good months to work in before January first.

Those of our readers who subscribe for other periodicals—newspapers or magazines—can save money by ordering them through us, as we have an arrangement with all the leading publishers by which we get special rates. Often the entire cost of the SOCIALIST may be saved in this way, and our paper be secured for nothing. We shall very soon publish a list of periodicals which we can furnish at reduced prices. Look for it next week on our advertising page. It will include magazines and papers which nearly all of your rich neighbors take, and you can get orders for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST with these other papers and magazines, at the clubbing prices which we shall offer. Now is the time to make a vigorous effort.

COMMUNISM.

This word is just now a word of reproach. One has only to fasten it upon any theory or scheme or party to render the same unpopular. But for all that we do not propose to abandon it. To us it is a word of the best import—meaning fellowship, identity of interest, unity of purpose, heart and life. We know of no other word which so fully expresses our ideal of society and of Christian life. No one thinks of abandoning the word liberty, and yet what excesses have been committed in its name. No one who has known what religion is will give up the word because it has been made the synonym of oppression and a cloak for evil-doers. And shall we turn our back upon Communism because it has been

loaded with burdens it was never intended to carry? Let us rather honor it, defend it and assert its true character and signification, and await its return to public favor.

ANTAGONISM OF INTERESTS.

"We shall have plenty of work to do here by and by!" joyfully exclaimed a laborer as he gazed at the ruins of a building recently destroyed by fire.

Exclaimed another, as he listened to an account of a conflagration in a large city, "And will not the Paddies be there clinking their hammers and getting some gold? Surely they will!"

Innocent souls, they never thought of disguising their joy at the misfortunes of others—did not even reflect that they were misfortunes; they only considered that out of the smoldering embers would rise new dwellings requiring the labor of their hands, for which they would receive their daily wage.

But what a condition of things is here disclosed!—in which the bread and life of one class are dependent upon the misfortunes of another class. Yet this is the society we may not touch with irreverent hands—a society the whole fabric of which is pervaded by the same spirit of antagonistic selfishness. It is for the interest of physicians and drug-manufacturers that there should be a great amount of sickness; everybody, even the physicians, desire for themselves above all things good health. It is for the interest of the lawyers that there should be a great amount of quarreling; other people prosper best when they keep out of lawsuits. It is for the interest of the architects, builders, masons, carpenters and workers generally, that fire, flood and tornado should come often and bring destruction with them; other classes pray that they may be spared such visitations.

All this must be changed; it must be made for the interest of the doctors to have everybody well; for the lawyers to have everybody at peace; for the laborers to have no property destroyed; and for every class to have every other class prosperous.

UTILITY OF COMBINATION.

In estimating the benefits of Association, we may make use of the following illustration: A square block of six equal sides, measuring an inch each, contains one cubic inch of material, and has six square inches of surface. The proportion of solid matter to surface in this single piece is as 1 to 6. Join it to another block of the same dimensions, and we have now double the solid contents of a single one—or two cubic inches; but the superficial measure is not doubled—it is only 10 square inches. Thus the proportion of solid matter to surface is reduced by the combination from 1 and 6 to 1 and 5. If we place 8 such blocks together, forming another solid square, we find the same proportion stands as 1 to 3. This experiment establishes the rule that the larger a compact body is the greater is the proportion of interior substance to external surface; and hence the greater is its power of endurance and resistance.

To apply this illustration: The superficial extent of each separate block corresponds to the vast demand for labor and care which pertains to isolated individuals; the solid contents to the life and energy which they possess for meeting that demand. As in the case of the former, combination increases the proportion of contents to surface, so social organization increases the proportion of internal energy to external exposure, or to the demand for individual exertion against want. It does not create life, but it favors its action, and increases its power over evil. Like the putting together of cubes, it diminishes the superficial exposure of individuals without lessening their power of resistance or interior life.

REVIEW NOTES.

SPECIE BASIS—A DELUSION AND A SNARE. A Lecture Delivered before the Manhattan Liberal Club. By Hugh Byron Brown. New-York: Liberal Publishing Co.

Although it is no part of our programme to meddle with the debate which is now going on in the country between the partisans of specie and greenbacks, we have to confess to a feeling of mild regret at seeing the liberals and labor-reform men so uniformly anxious that the national currency should be irredeemable. The essence of the 20-page pamphlet whose title stands above is, that money should have no commercial value. We do not propose to argue the matter with the author, but will simply say, that the reason why a specie currency seems to us to be desirable is, that by such a currency its holders are placed above all fluctuations of na-

tional credit. A paper currency will depreciate the instant the credit of the State issuing it begins to weaken. We had an example of this during the war, when gold stood at 250, and prices rose accordingly. In the Confederate States at the same time, it took half a bushel of paper money to buy a bushel of potatoes, which made the transaction of business rather inconvenient. A somewhat similar state of things exists at the present time in Turkey, which is blessed with an irredeemable circulating medium, and a governmental credit so weak, that its paper is fast approximating to the same condition as that of the Confederate States during the war.

The fact is, the world is getting daily to be more and more of a unit; and hence a legitimate currency is one which will circulate anywhere. A man with a gold eagle in his pocket can exchange it for necessities in Syria or Japan, where a ten-dollar greenback would be only a bit of waste paper. So if a man can turn his money into gold at a moment's notice, he is independent of all fluctuations of governmental credit; but if he has his surplus funds invested in irredeemable greenbacks, a wrong-headed Congress may at any time legislate in such a way as to inflict upon him a great loss, by passing laws which would result in a depreciation of all his cash capital. There are some rather plausible arguments in favor of the greenback system, considering ourselves as a nation, isolated from the rest of the world—self-contained and independent; but if we think of ourselves as a part of the human race, and not as an independent tribe, such arguments lose much of their force. This may be considered an unpatriotic and unnecessarily broad attitude to take; but while we have the deepest interest in the prosperity of our own country, we can never forget that the general welfare of humanity is of more consequence than that of any particular State or nation, and that it is our function to work and think, so far as in us lies, in such a way as will be productive of the greatest good to the greatest number, irrespective of all sectional and race distinctions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Mass., Oct 16, 1878.

FRIENDS:—Sitting down in the evening, children in bed, servants out, and the house quiet, I cast about for reading matter, and taking up the SOCIALIST that rests on my parlor table, run over its contents as I had before, and say to myself, "I wish I had time to give to the more thorough reading of all these articles and to meditating on the contents of this valuable paper;" and as I consider how we have jogged on together side by side, if not hand in hand, these three years, with so little jostling, I think we are to be congratulated: nay, more, we may congratulate ourselves.

In this ancient city there is a company of soldiers, originally composed of the past officers of other companies. It was my delight and wonder as a boy. Each one of the company dressed in the uniform of the company he had formerly belonged to. One wore a blue coat, one a red coat, another a green one. One had a chapeau and long plume, one a short pompon and round leather hat, and another a bear-skin; but all fell into the ranks and marched together. They were truly an "old guard." I am reminded of this company when I think how different the uniform is of those who train under the name of "Socialists," starting as they do from ideas and modes of thought almost as wide apart as the poles, with minds trained to orthodoxy and to heterodoxy, and to the extremes of radicalism. Owing allegiance to Fourier, Owen, Huxley, Ballou, Ann Lee, Noyes and as many more minds as varied, as generals and officers, have we not got along pretty well together? What is the secret of it? We are all soldiers; under the varied garbs beat hearts in unison for a higher social life, in the sense that *higher* means a more united life, with more interests in common. And if we all cannot "go the whole figure" of strict Communism, there are enough interests on which we can unite; and so we can march shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy, whom I am pleased to call at this moment, though he has many names, *Discord of Interests*.

And here again let me repeat what I have once stated before in different words, that if the ideas and the life of Socialism—Communal, Harmonial, or Sectarian, if you may call them so in some cases—have not the power to draw men to a more liberal (charitable), higher, nobler life, and ideas to make men grow beyond the straight-jacket of any creed whatsoever, I would not give a fig for the whole concern. It is not possible for men, I know, to grow beyond the scope of their minds; but if a life of Socialism does not surely, if slowly in many cases, awaken a greater trust in God and man, and fill the soul with greater thoughts than the two-penny ones that

one-half of our people carry about them as their stock in trade, to purchase provender here and salvation hereafter with, then I am to be forgiven for the faith I have cherished so many years and which I trust I may live to bequeath to my children as their choicest heritage.

And here comes a point where I ask myself a question, What shall I do with my children, three dear boys and a girl? Shall I do as Carlyle proposed for the poor, famishing ones of England—"Give them good advice?" That's easy! Shall I with weary care teach them the methods of trade and dicker that exist here, and put them into the grab-game for dollars and "success" as it is called. Or shall I stint myself to try to make the ideas of college discipline and a profession their ideal? Will any or all of these satisfy them and me as their sponsor? Shall we say, Youth is easily satisfied; age is not. I hope so, and thank God it is so.

How fine any of these ideals would have been to me when young had I had one to have urged me up to them. But there was another ideal—another source from which I almost by accident drank one long draught—wherein intellect, heart, and feelings were all enlisted and made one—the combined order of life; and it seems ever to me to be so much more worthy than any other ambition, I desire to teach it to my little ones. But how could all the books in the world teach how an apple tastes, or what the exquisite flavor of a peach is to the palate, or what is the scent of the blossom of the grape or the magnolia! So may I fail in all my attempts to inspire them with the true life by any book, without a taste of the life, and the fruit hangs too high for us groundlings to reach.

I wonder how many fathers and mothers are asking the same question that I am! How shall we contrive it? An idea strikes me: Save all the pennies, and take the boys to some Community to see its workings, explain its benefits, compare it with ordinary society, show the failings of one and the benefits of the other, let them talk with the workers, work with them, and feel, if only for a few hours, the *unitary life* running in their veins; and I think it will inoculate them with a new principle that will drive out some of the horrid contagions of the past. But I will tie up for the night and dream on it.

C.

New Harmony, Ind., Oct., 1878.

What a commotion the labor question is causing! One would scarcely have expected leading newspapers would have taken the narrow and illiberal view they have of the great uprising—misrepresenting in many particulars the facts, and maliciously misrepresenting men and bodies of men and calling opprobrious names, rather than trying to enlighten the masses and showing them that a deeper cause lies back of all the evils complained of; and that the gigantic motors of production, improvement and change, that have come into action since the time of Adam Smith, have rendered the system of political economy which he founded nearly null and useless, and its advocates merely a means of obscuring the minds of those who would otherwise think for themselves, and thus prolonging the Kilkenny-cat system of social machinery. If our journalists would but enlighten our very large and ignorant mass (perhaps including some of these writers), a gradual beneficent change would be made, and such a knowledge would prove the surest antidote to any violent measures of change; and agitators like Kearney would command less attention. But the great mechanical and other improvements now in operation in the so-called civilized countries of the world will not work beneficially for society in accordance with old notions of political economy, and all the efforts of Kaisers and Bismarcks and their journalistic supporters will not quiet and stay the dangerous commotion, until a solution is reached in accordance with the aspirations and convictions of the majority of mankind.

CHARLES H. WHITE.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—We buy our best raw silk stock of O. Yamada & M. Fukui, the representative firm in New York city of the Nihonmatsu Silk Co. and R. Sano & Co., Japan.

—Our pear-trees, which were at one time in a very flourishing condition, were struck with the blight several years ago, and have since been dying out. We have but few left.

—Among our visitors of the last week was a member of the old Trumbull Phalanx of thirty odd years ago. He proved an intelligent observer, and as an indication of his own undying interest in associative life we may quote his remark, that he had not seen a day for many

years when he would not gladly have joined a Community that gave promise of perpetuity.

—Everybody who knows how long ago we threw away tobacco and how earnestly we have always denounced the use of it, will appreciate our amused astonishment at receiving last week the following order:

"TO THE CHIEF MANAGER OF THE O. C.:—I saw a notice of your tobacco and cigars, both as to price and quality, and I have forgotten where or what I saw it in; but it matters not. [O, no!] Will you please send me a sample of your tobacco and cigars—say fifty cigars and ten pounds of chewing tobacco—to try? Perhaps it will lead to considerable deal."

We need hardly say that we are bowed down with grief at not being able to avail ourselves of this fine opportunity.

—Among the people who visit us nowadays we note the following classes: There is the man of curiosity, who comes on purpose to see the elephant and means to see it at all hazards if brass or push will reveal it to him; if his guide omit to comment on some object which seems to him in any way unusual he immediately suspects that a great mystery lies there concealed; he is one of the sort who think the stone reservoir and other such places are dungeons in which we incarcerate refractory members. Then there is the holy-horror individual, who is excessively apprehensive lest he see something to shock his delicate sensibilities; his eye has that deprecatory expression which the face takes on when the hand is raised to ward off some disagreeable object; he never asks a question, though his countenance is a perpetual interrogation-point, and he steals about with a cat-like tread, as though he expected the explosion of an infernal machine at every turn. There is the enthusiastic man, for whom a glamour covers everything; he has no especial interest in our religious views, but is charmed with the externals of Communism, and imagines that nothing could be easier than to leave all and join such a band of brothers: the artistic man, who sees beauty everywhere, admiring the lawns, the view from the tower, etc.: the infidel reformer, who likes some particular points in our manner of living, but thinks we might do just as well and a little better without religion: the conceited adviser, who has never been in a Community in his life, but talks as though he had been the successful founder of at least a dozen, and stands ready to show us just how it is done, you know: the advanced thinker, who is rejoiced to observe the solving of such problems as we have taken hold of. These and many more. But perhaps the most interesting and most easily entertained among our visitors are those who have, at some period in their lives, had a taste of Communism and are still as ardent as ever for the realization of the high ideals which then inspired them. They regard everything in that hearty, appreciative spirit which sets aside the barriers between man and man; they pass the portals of acquaintance and enter into the sanctuary of good fellowship.

CEREBRUM ABDOMINALE.

XXXI.

A man of great practical soundness and efficiency—very remarkable indeed for will power—hands us the following:

"At the time of my confession of Christ as a savior from sin (1853) my health was very low, having declined for two years. I was at a popular Water-Cure, but the physician had given up all hope of my recovery, and I had begun to despair myself of any help from human sources. Still I believed that Christ's power to heal the sick is as available now as it was 1800 years ago, and I sought earnestly unto him for help. And I found in deep meditation and prayer an anesthetic not only for mental tribulation but for bodily pain. Often, while in great bodily pain, I would wilfully turn my attention away from the seat of distressing sensation, and with an earnest desire to draw near to God, I would instinctively fix my eye on some distant object like the branchless stub of an old tree—something totally unsuggestive or thought—and keep it fixed there perhaps an hour, when I would find myself not only free from pain of any kind but rapt in spiritual ecstasy, filled with sensations of inexpressible delight, which seemed to come from the pit of my stomach, but electrified every fiber of my body. I would remain in this delirium for hours together. I found after a while I had gained such control over my attention that I could get similar experience by reading a Home-Talk, or a chapter in the Bible. I was not cured, however, by these exercises. Though they gave me temporary respite, I continued to sink, till my friends expected my hourly departure, when I had faith given me to receive the *strength* of Christ in my heart, and that raised me up."

Reading this calls to mind at once a variety of analogous phenomena—experiences of oriental devotees in ages remote, of Quietists in later times, and of those who practice hypnotism in our own day. The principle

which all these experiences illustrate is one, viz., that a state of trance may be induced by a certain action or effort of the attention. It is an action or effort by which thought is suspended and the distractions of the senses shut off; and consists in a continuous gaze of the eye on some fixed object, or in a kind of introversion, which amounts to the same thing. Indian hermits induced a state of trance in which they believed they were swallowed up of Divinity, by pertinaciously looking at the tip of their nose, or at some more distant point of vision. The monks of Mount Athos attained the same end by staring at their umbilic. The magicians of Egypt obtained second sight by gazing intently at a spot of ink in the palm of the hand.

Quietists entranced themselves by prayer and inward recollection as they called it. They believed that God had his sanctuary in man's "inmost center," and that the soul could enter his presence there. It was all a matter of attention. In Madame Guyon's "Method of Prayer," designed for a guide to the interior life, the grand object, you will see, is to subdue the intellect on the one hand and the senses on the other. As an introduction of the soul to prayer she prescribes meditative reading, but the passage read must be very short, and its sweetness extracted by an action of the heart. The end is to excite desire and not thought. Instead of reading you may call to memory some truth in which there is substance and nourishment, and feed on it in the same way. "Pause gently and sweetly thereon," she says, "not to employ the reason, but merely to calm and fix the mind;" and again, "Your subject should rather serve to stay the mind than exercise the understanding." The illiterate may use the Lord's Prayer for the same purpose. After pronouncing the endearing word "Father," they are to "remain a few moments in respectful silence;" and so on, after other petitions, "sighed out in words of love and plaintive sorrow," they are to "sink again into profound silence before the Lord." She makes a great deal of *silence*. Pauses of silence are to intermingle with action in prayer, and these pauses to lengthen and the action to diminish till by continual yielding to the operation of God that gains at length the complete ascendancy. She quotes the saying of the Revelator, "There was a great silence in heaven," and says, "Now heaven represents the fund and center of the soul, wherein, ere the majesty of God appears, all must be hushed to silence." Again: "When silence wholly constitutes your prayer then God communicates an infused love which is the beginning of ineffable blessedness." This silence of course is not literal and outward. It is very much like, if not identical with, the condition which the Hindoo gains by dint of persistent looking at the tip of his nose.

The mesmeric trance is sometimes produced by the subject's looking intently at a silver coin or any little bright object, held in the hand or fixed on the wall. This is called hypnotism or Braidism. The practice was introduced by a Dr. Braid, who, disbelieving in the theory of Mesmer, thought he proved its fallacy by putting persons into the magnetic sleep in this way, without the "passes," which Mesmer maintained transmitted the influence of the operator. The question of the use of hypnotism as a substitute for ether was once brought before the French Academie de Medicine. It has been estimated by some student of the art that one in fifteen can be affected by this method. Those who philosophize about it say that the effect of holding the eye on the object is to "suspend the action of the cerebrum and produce a passive, impressible state, or introverted condition of mind." The Hindoo philosophy which we have quoted once before as described by an English writer, is this:

"The spirit, so long as the doors or senses of the body are open, has no essential personality, for the senses are divided and act separately; but so soon as these are closed the soul retires to the cardiac region, there awakens, and its faculties become one common sense, which perceives and converses with Deity. In this state the body is totally insensible to pain."

Some persons will think the phenomena we have brought together are very heterogeneous after all. One class will esteem it sacrilegious to class together the prayerful Christian and the odious Hindoo fakir. Another class will say, If a pagan can find his way to the presence of the Divine by looking at the tip of his nose, what use of the religion of Christ? We shall not try to make these things straight. All we have to say is that human experience in every age and in every race witnesses that there is an internal surface to human life, or that something like the tubular theory of man's constitution is true; and certainly there ought to be a great deal more scientific interest and research in this direction than there is.

Glancing over Madame Guyon's "Method of Prayer,"

we are caught by some of her expressions, they are so suggestive of the *spherical* conceit presented in a past number. She says, for instance, "When through imbecility or unfaithfulness we become dissipated or, as it were, *uncentered*, it is of immediate importance, etc." Again, "When the soul hath got into her central tendency, or, in other words, is returned through recollection into herself, from that moment the central attraction becomes a most potent action, infinitely surpassing in its energy every other species." Again, "Draw me unto thee, O my divine center, by the secret springs of my existence, and all my powers and senses shall follow the potent magnetism." Again:

"Every center has a powerful attractive virtue; and the more pure and exalted it is, the stronger and more irresistible are its attractions. But besides the potent magnetism of the center itself, there is, in every creature, a correspondent tendency to re-union with its peculiar center, which is vigorous and active in proportion to the spirituality and perfection of the subject.

"As soon as anything is turned towards its center, its own gravitation instigates and accelerates it thereto, unless it be withheld by some invincible obstacle: a stone held in the hand is no sooner disengaged, than by its own weight it falls to the earth as to its center; so also water and fire, when unobstructed, tend and flow incessantly to their principle or center. Now when the soul by its efforts to abandon outward objects, and gather herself inwards, is brought into the influence of the central tendency, without any other exertion, she falls gradually by the weight of divine love into her proper center; and the more passive and tranquil she remains, and the freer from self-motion and self-exertion, the more rapidly she advances, because the energy of the central, attractive virtue is unobstructed, and has full liberty for action."

Since writing the foregoing we have received the following little note from a personal friend:

"I have had experience corroborating many of the facts brought out in your articles, though it is of a nature very difficult to describe. In times of deep religious excitement I have had such a sense of God's goodness and love as to produce faintness at the pit of the stomach and involuntary deep breathing. At other times the same influence has come on me in waves and so enveloped me that I have lost sense of everything around me. At other times it seemed like a *weight* of glory, a heavy pressure of unspeakable joy, that really made my heart ache. What an idea, to have one's heart ache with joy! But I can't find any better words to express it. I was forced to cry, 'Lord it is enough.' I felt it was all I could bear, or something would give way in the region of the heart."

The writer of this note is anything but an idealist or indolent dreamer. She is a woman of uncommon physical activity and substance. Suppose we agree that there is nothing supernatural in this experience, that it is purely subjective; what then? Does it not reveal possibilities of human nature which are as deserving of scientific curiosity as the bones of the body, or even the origin of the species?

THE NEED OF A NEW RELIGION.

Lenox, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1878.

EDITORS OF SOCIALIST: When I first saw the heading of your series of articles entitled "A New Religion" I was somewhat repelled by it: not because it seemed in any respect foreign to the objects of your paper, but it had the appearance of adding one more to our list of religious sects, of which we have already far too many. Moreover, I could not quite approve of the idea of calling some new modification of Christianity a New Religion. But a little reflection on the requirements of this age and observation of the drift of these articles have convinced me of the appropriateness of their title.

"A New Religion" is of all things that which the world most needs just now—a religion, or in other words an afflatus, that is strong enough to convert people and make them true Socialists—something that will convert them to the Socialism of the kingdom of heaven. With all due respect to the various sects that are around us, we cannot but see that none of them are capable of doing this work. They produce very good and respectable Congregationalists, Baptists or Methodists, as the case may be, but they do not even profess or desire to make Communists of their converts. If we are to judge the religions of these sects by the rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," we shall certainly have to conclude that they are not capable of supplying the great want of the age; for, with all their triumphs in making converts, there exists in our midst a most unendurable amount of social abominations and curses, for which they provide no adequate remedy.

But the all-important questions concerning this new religion are, first, whether its purpose is to kill the native ingrained selfishness that it finds in the raw material of its converts, and make them thoroughgoing, soft-hearted Communists who will never backslide;

and, secondly, whether it is strong enough to do this work. To do all this certainly looks like a great undertaking; but it appears to me that nothing short of it will meet the demands of the age. Nor do I think that we need be discouraged in view of the greatness of this work. Such an onslaught on the powers of darkness and such an exhibition of heavenly light and power are only consonant with the marvelous physical improvements of the age. In a world where steam, electricity and machinery of every description are making food and clothing and every other supply of human wants so exceedingly abundant, the next great step and crying need is a corresponding advance in the spiritual nature of man, that will enable him to share all these good things equitably and without waste. And pray, how is this to be done without a religion that will kill selfishness and make thorough Communists of its converts? It is clear that unless this work is done the world will be all the worse for its manifold physical improvements and abounding wealth. We have constantly before us multiplied proofs that the ordinary selfish human individual has an insatiable capacity for possession, and so long as he remains selfish he will pile up for himself the good things of this life, and the general result will be that the greater the facilities for producing them the louder will be the cry of famine and nakedness in the land. Who will get up an invention that will cure this terrible evil? Mr. Edison will not do it—he is too busy in the line of physical improvements.

It is evident enough that this must be the work of some new religion. Fortunately, this religion need not be new except in its rediscoveries and application. It has already been in the world, and we have records of its work in people's hearts and characters.

In the second chapter of Acts we are told, that "all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men as every man had need." Near the end of the fourth chapter we are told again that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul: neither said any of them that ought that he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. Neither were there any that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man as he had need."

There, Messrs. Editors, is a specimen of the doings of a religion that I should be glad to see at work among us. I am thoroughly convinced not only that if it should burst upon the world again, it would in an emphatic sense be regarded as a "new religion," but that Communism and the millennium would follow in its train. For one, I am not particular about the ways and means by which such a new religion may be propagated, or the specific forms or symptoms that it may manifest; but I insist upon it as one condition of my approval, that it shall have power to kill selfishness and make thorough Communists of all its converts. On that condition I am ready to throw up my cap and hurrah for the new religion.

Yours cordially,

A HOPEFUL SUBSCRIBER.

THE INVENTOR OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

The November number of *Scribner's Monthly* contains an article entitled "A Night with Edison," by Wm. H. Bishop. It is freighted with interesting incident in the life of the man whom Professor Barker has styled "a man of herculean suggestiveness; not only the greatest inventor of the age, but a discoverer as well."

He was born February 11th, 1847, at Milan, Ohio, an obscure canal village of the smallest size. "His family was an average one of the humbler sort. There were no unusual talents in any of its members upon which a claim to heredity of ability could be based. Of a number of brothers and sisters, none have shown an inclination toward pursuits like the inventor's own." He inherits from his father, of Dutch descent, a good constitution. His mother, born in Massachusetts, is of Scotch parentage—had a good education, and formerly taught school in Canada. She gave him nearly all the instruction he ever received from outside sources. He never had more than two months' regular schooling in his life. Nothing in his early childhood pronounced him the genius he now is. He was an omnivorous reader, and devoured histories, encyclopedias, and every work of chemistry he could lay hands on, at the early age of ten. The latter, no doubt, gave direction to his future career.

At twelve he began the world as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada and Central Michigan.

In time he became employer, having four assistants for the disposal of his wares. He made a disused old baggage-car his headquarters, and here might be seen bottles and retort-stands as well as papers, fruits and vegetable ivory. He procured a copy of "Fresenius's Qualitative Analysis," and while the car bumped along he carried on the experiments of a chemist. He purchased three hundred pounds of type and started a paper—published on the cars—the "*Grand Trunk Herald*." In 1862, during the battle of Pittsburg Landing, he conceived the notion of telegraphing news on the head-lines of his little sheet, and pasted them on bulletin-boards at the small country stations. This was his first dawning of interest in the art of telegraphing, an art in which he is destined to play such an important part.

He at one time formed the purpose to read through a public library; and he began with solid treatises of a dusty lower shelf, and actually read fifteen feet in a line. He skipped nothing in a book. Among other works were Newton's "Principia," Ure's scientific dictionaries, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Telegraphing became more and more engrossing to him, after his first rude insight into it. He strung the basement of his father's house with wires. He put up a short line, with a boy of his own age, using in the batteries stove-pipe wire, old bottles, nails for platina, and zinc ("which urchins of the neighborhood were induced to cut out from under the kitchen-stoves of their unsuspecting households and bring to him for a consideration of three cents a pound.")

He became a telegraph operator, and has since never deviated in his interest in electric science. He has studied it intensely in all its forms—it is the motive power of most of his inventions. He claims to have evolved from it a new principle of "ethic force."

Edison's history for a number of those first "years is chiefly a record of desultory wanderings from place to place, with the view of seeing the world, and often under the stimulus of abrupt dismissals from his positions for blunders and unpardonable negligences. It would be malicious to cite many instances of his unlucky scrapes, if they were thought to show want of conscientiousness. They certainly could not be commended to the imitation of employes in general, but in Edison they seem to have been the result of an uncontrollable impulse. His inventions seemed calling to him with a siren voice. Under the charm he was deaf and semi-callous to everything else." But in obedience to this siren voice he has achieved wonderful successes. For the carbon telephone the Western Union Company have paid him \$100,000; and he is in receipt of \$500 per week in royalties for the exhibition of the phonograph alone. He took formal lessons in chemistry at Newark, N. J., for the first time. He married a Newark lady; sold out his machinery in 1876, and went to Menlo Park, an hour's ride from New-York. His home is one of the best, comfortable, but without ostentation. This quiet location hardly seems the spot for the origin of mysterious new forces which are to revolutionize science. "At a distance from the houses, surrounded in a large, treeless yard by a low fence, is an elongated, white, wooden building of two stories, with a piazza on the gable-end facing front. It might be a school-house, or a meeting-house, or—seeing the number of respectable men that pass in and out of it at noon, for instance—a town-hall of some kind, in which a meeting of tax-payers is in session. Doubtless the inventor's laboratory is in one corner of it. But the inventor's laboratory is in the whole of it, and twenty-eight by one hundred feet in extent as it is, it is so contracted that the plans for a larger edifice, of brick, are already in hand. A collection of valuable running machinery and tools for every delicate operation, with the office and draughting-room, occupies the lower story. A force of thirteen skilled mechanics is busy there. Above, a long unbroken room has working-tables from distance to distance, littered, as is the floor, with batteries, magnets, retorts, and apparatus of unknown forms and uses. The whole extent of the walls is lined with shelves, containing a museum of smaller apparatus, but, for the most part, an interminable background of chemicals in jars.

"Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of his appearance. The rest are but skillful assistants, to whom he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. It is a figure of perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead

in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary, 'ready-made' order. It is EDISON."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

The Austrians are going home from Bosnia now.

Jefferson Davis has lost his only son by yellow fever.

There has been a frost in New Orleans, and the people take hope.

The Roumanians will move into the Dobrudscha this week if they can.

The Universalists are Tufts hunters. They have 110 students in that college.

The country dreads the assembling of Congress something as you dread an equinoctial storm.

The famous French Bishop, Doupanloup, dead, in his seventy-seventh year.

Death and his tactics are likely to outmaneuver Count Von Moltke before long. Sick now.

The German Socialists intend to change their modes of agitation but not desist from it.

Mr. Beecher tells his folks that he is going to stay at home principally for a while, and preach to 'em.

The cheapness of apples tempts us to ship that fruit to England—16,000 barrels have been sent.

The Democrats are poor buyers, that is plain: will have to send another man if you want to have anything done.

The native armies forming in Bulgaria and East Rumelia are officered by Russians and greatly under Russian fashions.

The Pope and the Emperor of Germany are doing their best to get along peaceably, and it is thought they will succeed.

Massachusetts Hathaway of sending her defaulters to State prison. Sent him for twelve years—a poor weak man at best.

The Queens County Hunt Club has begun racing over the fields of Long Island with horse and hound in quest of the lean and musky fox.

The British are pretty near the rough and ragged edge of a panic. The Bank of England has raised its rate of discount to six per cent.

The *London Daily Telegraph* has an average daily circulation of 200,000 copies. Its proprietors are offering to sell the concern for £850,000.

Dr. Norvin Green, a native of Kentucky, has been made President of the Great Western Telegraph Company, in place of the late Mr. Orton.

The returns to the Department of Agriculture indicate that the cotton crop will amount to upwards of 5,000,000 bales, or about 11 per cent. more than last year.

Dr. Nealon, an English physician, has discovered that an overdose of chloroform can be counteracted by partly suspending the patient's head downwards.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has a chime of twelve new bells—to sing to the Englishman as he goes to and fro in the sublime din and smoke of that immense city.

At the last election in Ohio the votes for Secretary of State stood as follows: Republican, 274,120; Democratic, 270,966; National, 38,332; Prohibition, 5,674.

The distillers of Arkansas have concluded to abandon their rifle-pits and throw their stills into the bayou. Uncle Sam's proclamation had too long a range for them.

The man who undertakes to disregard rules will have to suffer one of two things. He will either have to be a law unto other folks or else he will get his neck broken.

Edmonia Lewis, the sculptress, whose colossal statue of "Cleopatra Dying" is attracting considerable attention, is the daughter of an Indian mother and negro father.

The Rev. Josiah Henshaw, a colored preacher, and Harriet Beecher Stowe's original "Uncle Tom," recently visited a Detroit theatre, and witnessed the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the first time.

Secretary Sherman will buy his raw silver in this country hereafter and not pay any great attention to the London quotations. They don't do enough in silver over there to make their figures of much account.

There are a good many Afghans in the Khyber Pass, and the English have some pretty lively feelings on the subject. They can go, however, towards Kandahar without much opposition, and may do it at any moment.

New York is going to have a winter of dress-coats and operas. A slight differentiation from the times when our money-making daddies were content to get all the music they needed without putting off their store clothes.

The new method of instruction in the Boston Primary schools does away with the formal study of grammar; lessons in composition, in the use of capitals, in letter writing, and in the arrangement of sentences will take its place.

The number of families that lose some of their women

and never say anything about it may be inferred from the fact that no less than thirty different parties came forward lately to claim the body of a woman found in the Black Bay of Boston.

A company has been formed in New York with a capital of \$300,000 for the purpose of illuminating that city with Edison's subdivided electric light. The rumor of this invention has depressed the stocks of the London gas companies.

What kind of an *ad valorem* tariff is that which allows a New York custom-house appraiser to appraise kid gloves at 49 francs a dozen when they can be bought for 42 francs a dozen? And yet that is the way some things are done in that office.

Pleasure-seekers go to the Yosemite Valley, and creeping up to the verge of the awful chasm, with their heads projecting over the rocky edge of the precipice, look down the tremendous cliff 3,200 feet, and call it happiness. "What ish hobbiness?"

Of the colleges in this country ninety pronounce Latin according to the English method, seventy-five the Continental, and seventy-two the Roman. Well, when you meet Cicero, do you say, "Good morning Mr. *Sisero*, or Mr. *Kickero*, or Mr. *Tchitchero*?"

The late Pope left strict orders in his will that his funeral should be a cheap one, and the monument erected for him should cost but 400 francs. That was right. When a man stops work and dies he ought to be allowed to go away as cheaply and decently as he can.

Potter, the wheel-barrow man, who undertook to trundle his barrow from Albany to San Francisco in 215 days, Sundays excluded, was last heard from at Sacramento, Cal., twenty-two days ahead of time, and sure of getting through in ten days more. He has had enough of his job, and will be glad when it is done.

The English are in a state of self-examination in regard to India—they are asking whether that country pays, and whether they have done it any good by giving it the British peace, and thereby substituting poverty and famine in the place of war to keep down the excess of population. She won't give India up though.

General John Pope, who has to police everything south of the Platte with only 2,000 troops to do it with, is of the opinion that all that trouble on the Rio Grande could be saved by pushing our boundary line on to the Sierra Madre mountains. He has had this belief ever since the Mexican War, and it is a Sierrious one with him, we suppose.

The *Tribune* has another broadside of cipher telegrams and the interpretations thereof, from which it appears that South Carolina was also in the market in 1876, that Smith Weed, one of the friends of Tilden, was on hand to buy, and that he supposed that he had bought, but somehow the goods were not delivered, and so they went to the other man.

The official report of the investigators into the affairs of the City of Glasgow Bank shows a worse state of things than any imagined. The loss shown in the balance-sheet is \$25,954,912. The officers of the bank long practiced a systematic deception as to its condition. A call of \$500 a share to meet the losses could not possibly be met by more than half of the stockholders.

It is believed that the Union Pacific Railroad does not intend to comply with what is called the Thurman law, and that it is now managing to have the constitutionality of that law tested in a suit before the United States Supreme Court in which the United States shall not be a party. To bring about this result the company has induced Albert Gallatin, one of its shareholders, to bring suit against the company to compel the latter to comply with the Thurman law.

The Turks have surrendered Gussinje to the Montenegrins and Vranja to the Servians, in execution of the treaty of Berlin. In addition to their circular to the Powers complaining of the cruelties of Austria while taking possession of Bosnia, their new minister at Vienna has notified Count Andrassy that the Porte would be compelled to oppose by arms the advance of the Austrian troops on Novi Bazar, a considerable town near the extreme southeastern part of Bosnia.

T. W. Higginson has returned again from Europe and will reside at Cambridge, near Boston. When in London he delivered his lecture on "The Aristocracy of Wealth," and told the English very frankly that whatever the faults of American rich men you could hardly imagine any of them giving precedence in their homes to any one of their class over such men as Tennyson and Longfellow. He declared that the attitude of hereditary rank towards intellect is degrading.

The compromise agreed on between the Conservatives and the National Liberals on the German Anti-Socialist Bill is that the newspapers are to receive one warning before their suspension, agitators are only to be expelled from places where they have lived less than one month, and the Committee of Appeal is to have an additional member. The Government agrees to this compromise, and the friends of free discussion think they can possibly stand it for two years and a half, the time set for the action of the law.

The Rev. James De Koven addressed the Episcopal Congress in Cincinnati lately on the New Testament doctrine of absolution, which he declared could be summed up in the Bible statement: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." This, he believed, was to be taken literally, and asserted that Moody owed his success to the power with which he declared and pronounced to the people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins.

Sing Sing, the largest of our three State-prisons, gives an actual profit for the year ending Sept. 30, 1878, of \$43,000 on an expenditure of \$175,000. At the end of the previous fiscal year, when Mr. Pillsbury had had charge only seven months, the deficit was \$317,000; the year before that, when the State-Prison Inspectors had sole charge, the deficit was \$605,000. And yet there are folks who think it would be better to have the tax-payers support this army of Satan in idleness and let the honest people have all the work.

The Turk may raise difficulties about reform in Asia Minor with a view to getting England to lend the necessary money, but it looks as if English persistence was in no danger of being turned back. A Berlin despatch to the *London Times* says: "The mixed Christian and Mussulman police are to be commanded by English officers. An English Assistant-Judge will be added to each Court of Appeal. The Governor and head tax-gatherer will be appointed and dismissed subject to English approval. These and some other equally important clauses have been approved in principle by the Porte."

Let every man who dreams of getting through this world all alone, stop and consider how all this tremendous concentration of capital is going to affect him and the world. We have not begun to see the end of it, and no one can stop it. Our great corporations are the modern robber barons who hold all the passes of commerce and levy on whom they will. The Standard Oil Company of Cleveland is one of these barons, with a capital of \$3,000,000 "controlling \$30,000,000 worth of petroleum annually, raising and lowering the market at pleasure, but always to turn a stream of wealth into its own coffer."

President Hayes has been down to Winchester, Virginia, where he talked to the people. He was didactic as usual, and quoted to them the opinions of their fathers, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, Mason and Marshall, in regard to the evils of an irredeemable paper money. "For the first time," said he, "in many years we see the American people, in the midst of interesting and important elections, with their attention chiefly engaged about questions relating to the material and business interests of the country, and in regard to which, in all the States, the people are beginning to take sides without much reference to sectional or color lines."

The Pope is after all just like a pope and all his predecessors. In his Encyclical *Inscrutable* he called for the restoration of the temporal power: and now the sweet old gentleman, whom we at first wanted to kiss, says he has to keep himself hived up in the Vatican because of the Protestant temples and schools in Rome, and the godless schools of the municipality, in the midst of which he can not "attend, respected and tranquil, to the duties of his Pontificate." And to wither up the vermin and make himself feel good he has lately "cussed" the whole mess of architects, contractors, singers and printers—in short, every one except the hod-carriers and brick-layers, who have in any way assisted at the building and maintenance of those Protestant schools and temples. Poor Papa! Poor Papa!

"The Washington correspondent of the *Herald*," says the *Nation*, "gives an account of the preservation of the Democratic cipher telegrams published by the *Tribune* and of the disappearance of the Republican ones, which is very circumstantial, and tallies with a version which has been for a good while current in well-informed circles since the agreement was made by the two parties, just before the Electoral Commission met, not to examine each others' record any further. Both the Field Committee and the Morton Committee at that time demanded the telegraphic dispatches on both sides, but Mr. Orton of the telegraph company refused to surrender them, and went to Washington and told Morton that the dispatches would compromise conspicuous men on both sides and make a horrible scandal, and that he had better not press for them. He then showed them to representatives of both parties, who saw that they would bring disgrace on prominent men, but said they did not care and would insist on publication. Orton, finding he must surrender them to some one, then surrendered them to Senator Morton, who used what he got out of them dexterously to overcome the Democratic opposition to the count after the decision of the Electoral Commission, and it is suggested that they were found among his papers after his decease. What is needed now to make the dispatches a real instrument of purification and not a mere party weapon, is the publication of those on both sides. If it is plain that the Republican cipher covered no rascality the party gain will be immense, and if it did not, and the dispatches exist, of course no good Republican will object to their production."

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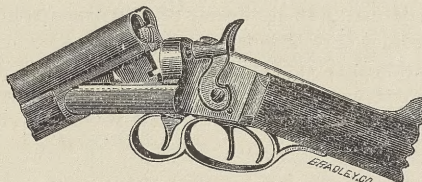
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